

MONDAY EVENING, MAY 4.

HIS FIGHT OVER.

Dr. Bortwell's long fight with death is over. The grim destroyer has won. But the glory is all to the man who made such a good fight. Throughout the whole period of his suffering Dr. Bortwell has been the object of the deepest sympathy from the public. It is not too much to say that thousands who a fortnight ago had never heard his name will have a sign of almost personal regret over the news of his death.

The reason is simple. SHAKESPEARE gave it so long ago. "A touch of nature makes the whole world kin." There is not a feature of Dr. Bortwell's case which does not strongly appeal to the warmest human feeling.

The big, strong, hearty man swallowed the cork which killed him while laughing with boyish enjoyment at the antics of one of his children as he was prevailing on the other to take his medicine. Then he did his duty as long as he could, preaching till his voice was reduced to a whisper. Then he suffered. Patient uncomplaining, too full of life to love more of it, and yet resigned to any issue, he fought hard and submitted to painful operations till even his magnificent physique was worn out. In the intervals of consciousness in the last moments he called to his wife, full of tender affection for his own to the very last.

Such an example is so human and so fine that who has heart within him must love and respect the noble fellow who has gone. He has won his laurels by the exercise of the most common human qualities most uncommonly displayed.

It is a pity that a life so worthy could not have been spared. But it is something to know that his death awakens the feelings in his fellow-men which he would have most wished to touch. They are feelings which do credit to them and to him. The one comfort is that he suffers no more.

The next Congress should provide our navy with one or two good torpedo-boats. Also with sufficient torpedoes. One hundred are being made at present. The success of the torpedo in the Italian operations has stimulated to greater interest in these effective instruments of warfare. The Whitehead torpedo, which is the class we make, is regarded as the best in use. Bring them along.

The grip has begun to monkey with Liverpool, and with the humor which seems to characterize this sportive epidemic it started in by downing the clergymen and knocking out the whole staff of the hospital. If Liverpool has been given to jesting remarks about the grip they will probably cease.

The Poles of New York celebrate to-day the first centenary of Poland's last Constitution. These men in free America recall with gratitude the freedom which that Constitution accorded to their brethren in "the fair land of Poland." What finer cause for exaltation can freemen have than that which has made them free?

REDUXI has come down to considering BLAINE undiplomatic and the New Orleans controversy a needless one for Italy. This is very different from talking of gunboats and of ordering Minister FORTIN home.

Three hundred persons at the reception in Brooklyn to the Parnell delegates! Good proof of how FARWELL is regarded just now. Not long ago it would have been three thousand, not three hundred.

State Senator FARMER declares himself not a candidate for re-nomination. He must, then, be content with the fame and voted bills for investigation expenses that he has already achieved.

The saddest evidence to his friends of the change in ANNA DICKINSON must be her own present utterances on the platform.

SPOTLIGHTS.

A grand night "got a move on" on the 1st of May.

Salvation army men are making light of the Gospel the wrong way when they light with other people's wives.

It is perfectly just to weigh a peasant in his own scales.

"But" is grammatically a conjunction. But from a poet's point of view it is something more.

The gas may kill the walls so dry. Grease be without a drama. But be who needs a drama? Give you the usual bill to file. And give there just the same.

The home-plate of the Millionaire's Club will be of "tin," which the millionaire must supply.

Malaria in Central Park is pond-ore.

The United States seems to have more difficulty with the high seas than a good tennis court.

The strictly American dinner is something of a tea by itself.

Something must have "gone against the grain" with "Old Hatch."

Induction from Particulars.

Watson-Benson, how was your play received?

Benson-Well, sir, the crowd laughed itself sore.

Watson-But I didn't know it was a tragedy.

A Compliment Appreciated.

Uncle Tom (reassuringly)-It seems to me I noticed a tell-tale blush on your cheek last night when Jack came up to his warts.

Grace (in girl of the period, delightfully)-Did you really? I tried awfully hard to blush, but I was afraid it wasn't noticeable.

Nightgown Retribution.

"What's become of the big baggage-smasher you washed last year?"

"Dead."

"87? What killed him?"

"Grip."

M. QUAD'S SKETCHES.

Pete Went to Camp-Meeting.

We were driving along a highway leading to Olmsted Falls, O., when we met a farmer's team driven by a farmer. As we came opposite he pulled up and saluted me and then asked:

"Gents, here you've got a little whiskey with you and wouldn't mind giving my son Pete a nip to brace him up till I kin git him home?"

"Where is your son?" I asked.

"Right here," he replied, pointing to a young man lying at full length on the hay in the wagon-box with three or four grain bags for a covering.

"Yes; here's a flask of whiskey. The boy seems to have been badly hurt."

"Badly hurt isn't no name for it. He's had the life lamed right out of him!"

"Get caught in the tumbling-rod of a threshing machine?"

"Oh, no. He's bin down to the camp-meeting at the Falls. The consarned idiot! but I told him to keep away! I told him Elder Davis was there, for I saw him myself and if he went down there and began to kick up kangaroo the Elder would light down on him like an owl on a meadow-mouse. No use, though. The tarnation started right out just the same!"

"And what happened?"

"This happened!"

And he pulled off the bags and showed us a stalwart young man with his front teeth gone, his nose broken, his eyes packed, and one eyebrow split open.

"Then he found Elder Davis?"

"Oh! no Elder Davis found him! Pete was a-sittin' over his left shoulder and up-setting the bibles to the tune of 'The Sweet-By-and-By,' when the Elder came along and reached out for him and drew him in. Pete, here's some whiskey to keep him in till you git home. Raise your head up a little, son. How you feelin' Pete?"

"Orful, dad, orful!" he whispered.

"Went to camp-meeting, didn't you, Pete?"

"Yes."

"Went agin my advice, didn't ye?"

"Yes."

"And Elder Davis stopped preachin' long nuff to lamb your consarned head into a continental cooked-ja, didn't he?"

"Pete, I've known the Elder since he was ten years old, and he's allus bin jist as good to the lamb as on the peach. You went out to play, and you got alathered, and I'm pisen glad of it! Much obliged, gents. I'll git him home and git a doctor, and try to patch him up. Don't reckon he'll ever be able to jump 'seven feet high on the level, but maybe he kin aim his kick layin' up rail fence and milkin' cows."

Encouraged by the financial success of her son, Lady Wilde has written a book of essays called "Men and Books." This grand old lady is a gifted linguist and still holds her famous London salons.

Mr. Leland Stanford has arranged that at the great University to be erected in memory of her son at Palo Alto, Cal., both men and women will be admitted on equal terms. Although everything is to be as complete as possible, the new building, 240 feet long, is to cover the sum of maintenance for each pupil.

There are constant demands for women who can charm snakes. The supply is very small, and the wages are \$100 a week, with all expenses paid.

Crepons are likely to be even more popular this season than last. These beautiful textures are embroidered with sprays of flowers throughout their entire length.

It is a good plan for any one who fits her own dresses to learn "a system," so that she can do it properly. In that case her dressmaker or millinery efforts of one who is merely an amateur are apt to have. Study also the best fashion plates and notice the changes in the cut and seams of the new bodies and the general "hang" of the skirt. The present effort of the dressmaker is to give a tapering effect to the waist and a slender, wistful effect to the figure, in direct contrast to the bouffant fashions of a few weeks ago. In order to do this the skirt is cut in a straight line, and the dress is made straighter than they were, but tapering in at the waist till the middle forms are very narrow. It is quite a common thing to bring the seams of the side forms to the shoulder. The darts are also tapered in and brought in to the center of the front. Sleeves are large and high on the shoulder, but are close to the forearm than they were. They are very long. In elaborate dresses they fall over the hand, but this extreme length is not yet worn in the street.

Those steps were now to be painted. You could read that fact in the woman's eye a hundred feet away. The paint-pot contained some old white lead, which she had soaked up with water, and the brush could have been used as a hammer had there been any nails to drive.

The boards were damp with the dew of the night previous, but that was no figure. She brought out a bottle of swirling machine oil and poured it into the lag, and then added a pint of kerosene from a bottle.

The mixture, as she dipped the brush into it, seemed to be a combination of stewed pumpkin, crushed strawberry, mangled pie plant and slaughtered huckleberry, so far as color went, and she flew into the house and brought out what appeared to be a bottle of camphor.

When she had stirred this in, the general hue of the paint resembled a brinded dog chasing a rabbit through a thicket of alders. With a cautious look up and down the street the woman began to use the brush. She was delighted to find that it slipped over the boards so easily, and the aroma of mixed camphor, kerosene, fish-oil and sulphur did not disturb her in the least.

The first used her right hand and then her left, then took the brush in both and smoothed the combination down. After every "swipe" of the brush she'd look up and down, and twice in a few minutes she dodged in to escape pedestrians who might be critical.

There were wet spots where the paint would not take hold, and she was going over these for the third or fourth time when an old man, smoking a very short clay pipe, came along and stopped to view the job.

He looked so good natured that she asked for his opinion. He looked into the pot, gave the hard brush a "tink" on the railing, and after a general survey of the streaks and dashes and daubs, he replied:

"Well, mum, it isn't for the likes of a workin' man like me to criticise a real artist like you, but being as you have asked for an opinion, and being as I always speak the truth, I will make bold to say that if you had added more vinegar and pepper it would have been more to my humble taste."

"Vinegar and pepper? How do you mean?" she asked.

"Why, mum, begging your parding again, it is sort of betwixt and between. It is neither what they call a barbitate chromore nor yet a carbogase salad, and I'm advistin' you to mumble a few words, a couple of old boots and a box of strawberries and pass it off for what they call a 'hardie' b'etkin' Good day, mum."

M. QUAD.

Free to Hope.

"May I hope?" he asked, after his seven-teenth rebuff.

"Yes," she replied, "you may."

"Because," she responded earnestly, "this is a free country."

Nothing New.

"I hear Brown died of consumption," said one of the crowd.

"Yes—consumption of cigarettes."

An Undercut.

Jenny (at the window)—There go Clara and Tonia. I don't like those girls.

Kitty—But you mean to like them, dear, don't you? You're engaged to Tonia.

Jenny—What has that got to do with my liking or disliking them?

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THE WAYS OF A WOMAN IN FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Delight the Gentler Sex.

Here is Charles Kingsley's opinion of women. At an Introductory Lecture at Queen's College, Cork, the late Mr. Kingsley said: "In teaching women we must try to make our deepest lessons bear on the great purpose of subduing woman's own calling in all ages—her special calling in this one. We must inculcate to realize that whatever belief or doctrine we foster among their nation, that something divine dwells in the souls of women; but, on the other hand, we must inculcate to them that they will attain that divine instinct, not by reasonings their sex, but by faith; by becoming true women, and by imitations of men; by educating their heads for the sake of their hearts; not their hearts for the sake of their heads; by claiming woman's divine vocation as priestesses of purity, of beauty and of love."

Hairpins of shell, with ornamental top of twisted gold, valued at \$75 each, are not uncommon in the streets of New York.

Torques were never more popular. Heart-shapes are the rage for pins, earrings and snuff rings.

Mr. William Waldorf Astor, it is said, means to make princes and princesses of his children. He has heretofore sent abroad, Mr. Astor, who has taken Lansdowne House, Berkeley Square, London, at a rental of \$20,000 a year, is not paying that large sum for a mere dwelling-house in a fashionable locality, for he has with the mansion a very fine collection of sculpture, paintings and other objects of art. Lansdowne House dates back to the reign of George III., and it was the very center of the fashionable world a generation ago. It was there that the celebrated Sarah Lady Jersey held her brilliant receptions when her three daughters were the wives of London society. Lady Jersey married the youngest, Lady Clementine, died unmarried, and Lady Adela, who made a runaway match, was one of the last, if not the very last bride who was married at Grosvenor.

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THE CLEANER.

I saw in a druggist's shop a bottle to which a number of names were annexed, asking for the opening of the Metropolitan Museum on Sunday. The clerk told me that several stupor pills had been sold before this one. These pills are sent down by the different shops. I sincerely hope this may mean a universal popular demand for the Sunday opening which will shake the directors into action. I wonder if my general friend, Oliver Samuel, shall, in the back of this? He was on the way with such a petition some weeks ago.

Mr. Calvin Price, who, wherever Mr. Price may travel, considers himself very rightly a New Yorker, is in a box at the theatre a few nights ago, looking very well indeed, I thought. Mr. Price is as inclined to embolden as her husband is to apertness, but she carries it with such lightness that one does not realize that she is a heavy woman.

I see Mrs. Postmaster Bigelow in New York this week. She is a charming Boston woman who spends a great deal of her time here. Mrs. Bigelow has an exquisitely delicate face, and her gray hair gives her the distinction of a Marquise of the Faubourg Saint Germain.

Few men in Harlem are getting themselves more talked about at present than Rev. Dr. Day and Virgil. Their efforts to arouse public sentiment in the matter of the public morals are commended in the spirit, but several good Harlemites emphatically protest against the wholesale charges made from the pulpit that the uptown suburb is flagging up with irreparable resorts. If the reverend gentlemen will give a bill of particulars, my real estate agent would be glad to take the measures to block the torrents of vice will be taken at once.

I was in a restaurant one day lately where a number of Germans were wont to go. Two small and chubby men, who were evidently, I surmised, about the place while their parents dined at dinner. One of the little tow-heads so captivated an old gentleman that he bestowed his son upon her. Her sister then took a turn at flirting with the venerable man, and was rewarded with the same result. It was very funny to see the little bearing off their spoils with perfect gravity.

Tom Killy, the premiere of New York male skirt dancers, was rather bothered in his present position. The reason was that he was the slow time at which the orchestra took the music. He vainly tried to quicken the leader into a more vivacious tempo by two or three places, but it was of no use. It was very irritating for him eventually to have his movements clogged in this way. It made his dance much more difficult for him.

I saw Edgar Fawcett wandering about in the Springtime, apparently not a bit stirred to poetic reverie by the several blanchiments of earth and sea. Mr. Fawcett did not look the poet, with his well-fed, good complexion, but he gets the muse under his thumb as well as he writes novels. Better, some people think.

The steam yachts are beginning to course up and down the North River. This is another sign of the spring. The yachtsmen are about the boats come out together. Nobody can blame the yachtsmen for taking to this delightful pastime as soon as weather permits. The summer seems only too short.

I hear that Mr. O. J. Seavey and his wife will fall from J. C. O'Connell's New York next Thursday. Quantities of New York people will recall "mice hot" of the Ponce. Mrs. Maria a Becket, the artist, will come North with the Seaveys. They have been taking a rest at Ormond, with its sea-breezed breezes, for the past week.

The deliberate suicide after a two weeks' preparation of Charles Rathburn, a young salesman, was reported to the Coroner this morning. He had hanged himself with a cloth over his head, and was found in the room of his house on West Fifty-third street.

His body, which was warm, was found shortly before midnight by his father, William Rathburn, a decorator, who had started out to find his son after reading a letter left by the latter declaring that he was about to end his life.

Young Rathburn was eighteen years old and lived with his parents on the top floor of the house which stands on the southwest corner of Fifty-third street and Sixth avenue.

For three days he had been working in Manhattan's garbages, and he was found in the room of his house on West Fifty-third street.

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"YOU'LL FIND ME HANGING."

Salesman Rathburn Wrote to His Father and Committed Suicide.

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NOT FRENCH'S.

Ben Ali Was Searched at Newtown March 12 and Had No Such Knife.

Doubt Cast on the Long Island Jail Stabbing Story.

Important Links Still Wanted to Prove Him the Ripper.

Byrnes Does Not Think the Jamaica Prisoner Is Carrie Brown's Companion.

Accused of Perjury in the North River Bank Failure.

President Gedney Arrested.

Ben Ali, the unfortunate Algerian known variously as Frenchy No. 1, George Francos and Frank Sheriff, persists that he is innocent of the horrible murder of old Carrie Brown.

Frenchy is taking life comparatively easy in his cell at the Tombs, and seems well, and to all appearance is a model prisoner.

Since his counsel, Levy, Friend and House, have taken hold of his case, the Algerian's spirits have brightened considerably, and he seems confident that ultimately he will be completely exonerated from the suspicion cast upon him that he is New York's "Jack the Ripper."

Frenchy's lawyers have been considerably handicapped in their efforts to get information from their client, from the fact that he speaks very little English and scarcely knows French.

What little information he has imparted to them has been in broken French, but the firm knows a day or two to be in what Inspector Byrnes calls "an intelligent position" regarding the minutest details of the case.

Since he was interviewed on Saturday, Frenchy has implicitly obeyed his attorney's instructions to talk to no one.

Frenchy's counsel are as confident as ever that their client cannot be convicted. Said one of the firm this morning:

"Even if Frenchy was to be indicted to-day we could go to with him to-morrow, and so jury under heaven would convict him on the circumstantial evidence that the police have collected against him."

Inspector Byrnes was at Headquarters early this morning, but went away again in a few minutes and his whereabouts were unknown most of the morning.

It is an open question as to whether a vigilant search is being made for the man who was last seen in old "Shakespeare's" company and with whom she went up to the fatal room 51 in the North River Hotel.

The inspectors neglect to send one of his men to see the man under arrest at Jamaica leads many to suspect that the man who gave his name as "C. K. Kiclio" to Mary Minster, the housekeeper, was the same man who was with the woman who was soon after found so brutally murdered, while others intimate that the Inspector already has this man in custody or knows where to find him when he wants him.

Tracing to Frenchy of the knife with which Carrie Brown was killed is the most important link in the case which Inspector Byrnes is occupied now.

The Inspector has the unsupported statement of two vagrants and a man who was serving a term in the Tombs, and who, he says, saw Frenchy with the knife, but Frenchy, while serving a term at the time they were inmates of the Queens County Jail, had in his possession the knife, or one like it, with which the Swedish butchery was committed.

As far as an EVENING WORLD reporter could learn, the knife, if Frenchy had one, was only seen by his housekeeper, David Galloway and Edward Smith.

The constable who arrested him and who searched him thoroughly, and the Justice who sentenced him, never saw it.

Frenchy was arrested on March 12 last at New York, not Middle Village as Sheriff Galloway maintained the New York police, by Constable James Hildard for begging.

Constable Hildard saw him come out of a store where he had been asking for alms and locked him up.

Frenchy had his arm in a sling, and, according to the constable, probably to make his case stronger, accused him of being an impostor.

"Your arm ain't sore at all," he said.

"You've put that bandage on to escape work and to excite sympathy."

Frenchy gave the constable the lie, whereupon Hildard tore the bandage from his arm.

"I'll show thee there is nothing the matter with your arm," exclaimed Hildard, and he seized it and moved it up and down several times with great force.

The unfortunate man gave a shriek of pain, which the intelligent constable said was part of the ruse.

"There was no physician called who examined Frenchy's arm and who gave it as his opinion that Frenchy was only 'faking,' as the slang term is, to the reporters," said Tom Clark John Robinson.

Justice Scheper, however, was of Hildard's opinion, and had it not been for Saloon-Keeper Scheller, who put in a good word for Frenchy, he would have got sixty days instead of thirty.